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## MACFARREN'S KING DAVID.

(From the *Yorkshire Post*).

The appearance in the Leeds Festival programme of a new work from the pen of Dr Macfarren, the representative English composer, is a circumstance which reflects the greatest credit upon the Festival Committee for their loyalty to British talent, and it cannot fail to excite the deepest interest among musicians throughout the country. Since the lamented death of Sterndale Bennett, the reputation of English music and musicians may be said to rest mainly with the Cambridge Professor. He stands at the head of the English school, an unbending opponent of the German innovations which, under the name of advanced art, are intended to supersede the productions of Handel, Mendelssohn, and Mozart; and now that the gifted composer of the *Light of the World* seems to have given himself over to the lighter forms of musical composition, and abandoned the sacred in favour of the lyric drama, he is apparently the only English composer from whom we may expect a great work in which the unbroken succession of the true and noble in art is preserved. When the late Prince Consort first heard Mendelssohn's *Elijah* performed, he wrote of the inspired master in the margin of his programme: "He stands like a second *Elijah* faithful to the worship of true art though compassed by the idolaters of Baal," and the observation may be applied with equal appropriateness to Dr Macfarren. There are false prophets in these days. Misguided musical enthusiasts, who cannot distinguish between originality and eccentricity, are continually, like the Israelites of old, "following strange gods," and it is to such men as Macfarren and his followers that we must trust for the preservation of the true faith.

There are satisfactory indications in the Leeds programme that advanced doctrines have found few proselytes among the musicians of the north. It is a Mendelssohnian programme of a Mendelssohnian festival. Opening with the *Elijah*, the dramatic oratorio *par excellence*, closing with the *Lobgesang*, the most perfect musical sermon ever preached, it seems to contain within the short period dividing the performance of these two works as much as possible of the influence and character of the Mendelssohnian school; and if there be one exception admitted, it may be to afford the required relief, it will be found in the selection of Raff's oratorio, *The End of the World*. But here again we have a devoted friend and *protégé* of Mendelssohn, with much of Mendelssohn's influence showing itself amidst the intricate woof of Wagner's later teachings. The programme, is, in fact, a significant, although perhaps not an intended protest against the inanities of the so-called advanced school.

But while there is sufficient in the new work by Macfarren to justify our admiration for his fidelity to the classical forms, there is much that is original in its design and structure to excite the intelligent interest of the musical student. *King David*, which will be performed on the third morning of the Leeds Festival, displays all the dramatic force and fitness of *St John the Baptist* and all the devotional intensity and fervour of the *Resurrection*, while in essential points of treatment it differs from both these works, and proves that the extensive resources of Dr Macfarren have not been exhausted in the formidable list of original and characteristic compositions he has given to the world during a long and devoted artistic career. It exhibits a thorough mastery of orchestral resource, and a free and rich fancy, which creates new and surprising beauties without marring the appropriateness of the studied effects. It is emphatically a one-character oratorio. All the scriptural personages introduced in this sacred drama are subordinated to the one central figure of the picture. The Psalmist King David is as prominent a personage in the drama as Elijah is in Mendelssohn's oratorio. He stands before the listener a living, speaking entity. The character is, in fact, a creation, which, with all the frailties and failings painted by an impartial hand, evokes our sympathy in his distress, and strikes us by its true nobleness and dignity. It is true, there are other personages in the drama, such as Nathan, the widow of Tekoah and Absalom, but even the last-named, the most important of these, is little more than the incidental filling in of a picture which has but one great and engrossing subject. In this respect the oratorio will be found to differ from *St John the Baptist*. In the admired Bristol oratorio Herod has an individuality and an important bearing upon the dramatic action which invest the character with some degree of importance, and the same may be said of Salome, whose appearance in that wonderfully dramatic scene, "The Dancing before Herod," is to our mind the great feature of that great work. In other works of a purely dramatic character which will occur to the mind of the reader the same method of treatment has been adopted. But in *King David*, the composer has been careful to let nothing obtrude upon the attention to lessen the effect of the noble picture he has

drawn. And how true and bold are the lines with which he has limned the representation of *King David*! Here it stands as a warning, an example, and encouragement, the artistic embodiment of a great monarch, the recital of a great and grievous sin, the visitation of a great punishment, the burden of a great atoning sorrow, and the glad "gloria" that greets a great forgiveness. It is a picture of great moral and spiritual lessons.

But Dr Macfarren does not leave his history of David's fall and repentance to convey its own teaching, for after every material incident in his drama he interposes reflective passages of peculiar appropriateness, selected for the most part from the Scriptures, but in one instance taken from the Church Litany. The impression produced by these interpolated commentaries is heightened by the fact that in the majority of cases they are the King's own reflections, and their judicious selection from the Psalms of David bespeaks much Biblical knowledge and research. These reflective passages are assigned sometimes to a solo voice and sometimes to the chorus, and in one or two instances they are uttered by David himself. The peculiar method of usage, although perhaps not without precedent in a different form, is an original feature of the work which cannot fail to excite admiration from its peculiar fitness and appropriateness. The reflective solos have the advantage that they may be divided among the singers to whom they are allotted without in the least destroying the continuity of the whole; and as there is little necessity for employing a long list of principals, the work is brought within the financial as well as the artistic capabilities of small societies. For this reason, as well as on account of the grateful character of the music throughout, the work is likely to become universally popular.

The text of the oratorio is selected from Holy Writ. The Scripture words are adhered to with strict fidelity. The narrative is not, as in the case of some modern sacred works, a free paraphrase of the Scripture, but the words of Holy Writ themselves. It is the reverence for the *ipsissima verba* of Scripture that renders the oratorios of Mendelssohn and Handel so popular in this country. The action of the drama deals with the anointing of David as King of Israel, his falling into sin and marrying Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah the Hittite. Nathan the prophet appears before the King, and in the parable of the ewe lamb predicts the trouble that shall fall upon David and his house for the sin he has committed. This, with reflective choruses and solos, occupies the first portion. The second part deals with the revolt of Absalom, the flight of David to Mahanaim, the battle, the death of Absalom, and David's lament and repentance. The historical narrative is taken from the books of *Samuel* and *Chronicles*, and the reflective passages from various portions of the old and New Testaments, many of David's psalms being effectively utilised. The music of David is written for the bass voice and, as befitting the character of the king, is dignified throughout. The narrative is assigned to a *contralto*; that of Absalom (there is only one recitative and solo for Absalom in the work) also for tenor voice; the music of the widow of Tekoah is for soprano; while the reflective passages are divided among soprano and *contralto* and chorus.

The overture is intended to depict the life of David before he becomes King, and Macfarren has constructed it after the excellent models of the classical masters. It opens with the first subject, descriptive of pastoral life, in B flat, common time, *allegro*, assigned to the stringed instruments, with a passage of three notes, twice repeated, for the oboes. The horns then enter with a characteristic movement thoroughly suited to the theme, and the melody given out by these instruments is afterwards repeated by the violins, the horns sustaining the harmony. It is then allotted to a largely augmented force of instruments. This beautiful theme will be found to recur during the course of the oratorio—for example, when Nathan prophesies that David shall become ruler in Israel, and reminds him of his shepherd origin, the theme is introduced with telling effect. In the 52nd bar the trumpets sound the call to battle, and then ensues a bustling passage for the violins, the bassoons and horns sustaining, leading to the second subject in the dominant of the opening key. This is of a decidedly martial character, and is given to the full orchestra, the harp, which is extensively employed throughout the work, being alone excepted. A beautiful episode for the oboe, with harp accompaniment, describes David singing before Saul, and this is followed by an extension of the same given to the flutes and clarionets. A vigorous passage for the full orchestra, *fortissimo*, depicts the envy of Saul, and consists of descending and ascending unison passages of a very exciting character, interspersed with ponderous repeated chords. A passage of syncopation follows, evidently intended to describe the emotions of alternating prudence and hatred contending in the breast of the King; and the occasional recurrence of David's song, contrasting so peacefully with the violence of the episode, conveys the idea that

David is unaware of the evil thoughts working in the mind of Saul. This portion of the overture forms the "free fantasia," and shows in every bar the hand of a master. The re-entry of the first subject follows *pp.*, the violins having a *tremolo* passage in the high register, and the horns, as before, having the melody. After a repetition of a portion of this theme in the key of D flat, the full orchestra enter *fortissimo*, the bass instruments having the scale passages referred to before as occurring in the first part. A resumption of the first subject transposed into F sharp minor, and given to the oboes and violas, leads to the principal second subject. This, originally given in the dominant key, is now transposed into the key of the sub-mediant minor. Here is a departure from the usual plan, according to which the dominant subject is in the second part transposed into the key of the tonic. The reason is obvious. As the death of Saul is supposed to have taken place, the martial strains are changed from those of joy to those of sorrow. Following this again is the episode of David singing before Saul, coming as a reminder of what has gone before, and serving to impress upon the memory the opening scenes of the drama. The remainder of the overture is of an effective character, and gives in different forms the various ideas and episodes used in the first part, ending with a *coda* with the full power of the orchestra.

Fourteen bars of instrumental introduction for wood, windhorns, and strings, in G, *largo*, triple time, which include an ingenious canon in the octave, leads to the opening chorus descriptive of David's being anointed King. The tenors and the basses lead off on the word "Behold," and the whole of the subject is assigned to the male voices. This passes into the four-part chorus, of familiar title, "Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is," *andante con moto*, six-eight time, leading off with a fugue in which the trebles give out the subject. The altos follow, succeeded respectively by the tenors and basses. The fugue having been briefly worked out, the rest of the chorus proceeds in plain four-part harmony, closing *forte* after a piano passage, on the words "For evermore." The employment of the flute throughout this chorus in a kind of *obbligato* is very effective, and imparts to it quite a pastoral tint. No. 3 is a recitative and song, *allegro maestoso*, in the key of D, common time, and introduces for the first time in the oratorio the chief and central character of the work, the Psalmist King. David, in free recitative phrases, calls upon the Israelites to sanctify themselves before bearing the Ark of the Covenant to the place prepared for it, and the words are taken from the Scriptural narrative as given in the First Book of Chronicles, the succeeding reflective solo, "I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep," being from the 132nd Psalm. The accompaniment here has, in addition to the instruments employed in the preceding number, trumpets and a harp. The song is of a most melodious character, and is likely to become exceedingly popular by independent use in sacred programmes. It is written in three-four time, *allegro*, and is introduced by moving passages for the harp, which instrument has, appropriately, a prominent part throughout. A very quaint passage occurs on the word "Slumber," which cannot fail to arrest attention. The entry of the Ark is heralded by a trumpet-call echoed outside. The 'cello then enters with a passage of short detached notes, intended to represent the march of the Ark-bearers, and this characteristic figure is continued throughout the greater part of the chorus. The tenors lead off *pp.* on the words "Give thanks unto the Lord." This is repeated by trebles, altos, and basses, and the same method of treatment is reiterated several times. At the word "People" the violins make their first appearance in a moving accompaniment, and on further repetition of the words, "Give thanks unto God," the horns join in, and the peculiar marked accompaniment is resumed, the clarinets and the horns being used alternately. After a while the organ enters as a support to the voices, while the stringed instruments have a quite independent accompanying figure. At the words, "Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof," the full orchestra is employed, and a most impressive effect is produced. At the words, "For he is good," the harp enters with a moving figure, indicating that David has joined in the procession, and the strings accompany *pizzicato*. The chorus is worked up with increased and increasing power, and is undoubtedly one of the most skilfully written as well as one of the most impressive of the whole oratorio. It is a fine piece of massive writing, and a wonder of concentrated effort.

A song for the soprano voice, "The path of the just is as a shining light," supplies an appropriate reflection upon the dramatic episode that has preceded it. It is written in A flat, three-eight time, *andante con moto*, with an accompaniment for strings only. It has a lovely melody, full of pathos and expression, and is thoroughly characteristic of the composer. No. 6, the succeeding number, introduces Nathan the Prophet in a recitative prophesying that David shall reign over Israel. The principal subject of the over-

ture is here utilized when David is reminded of his shepherd origin, and at its close the chorus enter *fortissimo*, accompanied by full orchestra, on the words, "His throne shall be for everlasting." Here follows a solo for David, in G, three-four time, recounting his unworthiness for the honour to which the Lord has called him; and this again is succeeded by a chorus in B flat, "The seed of David is great." It commences with organ only, and after a few bars of four-part writing, strikes off into a very elaborate and effective fugue on the words, "He shall reign for ever," given out by the basses, and taken up by the tenors, altos, and trebles successively. This is a masterpiece of musicianly writing. The narrator (contralto) then recounts in Scriptural phrases, taken from the Book of Chronicles, the temptation and fall of David, and is followed by a short instrumental passage, evidently intended to depict the death of Uriah the Hittite, the husband of Bathsheba. The Scriptural narrative is resumed, and brings the sacred history to the culminating crime of the Psalmist King, his marriage with Uriah's wife. Then follows the unaccompanied chorus, "Remember not, Lord, our offences," the words selected from the Church Litany. This beautiful, refined, and devotional composition, we have no doubt, will ere long find its way into many a miscellaneous programme. It is quite distinct from the work, and may be taken out for either concert or church use and sung as independently as are the well-known quartets "Blessed, blessed," from *St John the Baptist*, and "God is a spirit," from the *Woman of Samaria*. It is a smooth, tuneful composition in E flat, *andante*, two-four time, which may be sung either as a quartet or as a chorus, and is equally effective in either form.

This exquisite number is followed by a *scena* of a dramatic nature between Nathan and David, in which the former recites the parable of the ewe lamb, and accuses and convicts David of his sin. This episode has evidently received the closest care of the composer, for every changing emotion on the part of David throughout the duet is portrayed with realistic intensity. A suitable reflection upon David's fall is supplied by the contralto voice in the solo, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This is an effective song in E flat, *andante con moto*, and is succeeded by the chorus, "Vengeance belongs to the Lord," in the key of C minor, common time, *allegro con brio*. It opens with a very busy introduction for the stringed instruments, the wind sustaining, leading to a *fortissimo* passage, and the voices enter on the word "Vengeance" in unison for voices and instruments. Then ensues a passage, in imitation, on the words, "And He shall recompense," leading into a free *fugue* announced by the basses, which is developed with occasional interpolatory passages in full harmony, on the words, "The Lord shall judge His people," and subsequently on the words, "He shall recompense them their own." The effect of the phrase, "The fire shall consume them," is very dramatic. After several bars of solid choral writing, the *fugue* is resumed, led off by the altos, succeeded by the entry of the full chorus and orchestra on the words, "Vengeance belongeth unto the Lord," bringing the first part of the oratorio to a most impressive and effective conclusion.

Part II. may be said to deal with the punishment and the repentance of David. The narrator takes up the Scriptural history at the commencement of Absalom's revolt against his father and king, and the contralto voice to which the recital of the sacred narrative is assigned recounts the first act of that revolt in the murder by the hired assassin of Absalom of Amnon. A short instrumental introduction in A, *allegro con fuoco*, the accompaniment being for flutes, oboes, bassoons, horns, trumpets, and strings, introduces a brief recitative, which is succeeded by the highly dramatic *scena* between David and the widow of Tekoah, in which the latter touchingly intercedes for forgiveness on behalf of Absalom. This is in the key of D, three-four time, *andante mosso*, and is one of the most skilful and effective numbers of the oratorio. It has, in addition to the instruments used in the preceding number, parts for two clarinets, drums, and two additional horns. The accompaniment, as well as the arrangement of the voice part, depicts the hesitation of the widow of Tekoah, her fear and trembling in approaching the monarch, and after a time when she sees that her pleading has had its effect the music becomes of a more confident and restful character, and then the voice of David and the Widow join in duet with a melody for each that is exceedingly touching and graceful. To this exquisite scene succeeds in strong contrasts a bold spirited martial chorus, "Absalom prepareth chariots and horses," in *rondo* form, commencing with a bold majestic subject in full harmony. A charming choral duet opens at the words, "In all Israel there is none to be so praised for his beauty," for sopranos and contraltos, succeeded in imitation by the tenors and basses.

This forms the first episode, and is in the key of B flat. Exclamatory repetitions of the words, "Absalom, Absalom, hail!" lead to the second appearance of the principal subject, "Absalom

prepareth his chariots and horses." The second episode occurs at the words, "From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head," and is in the key of C. It is in the same form as the first, and is exceedingly quaint. This again, as in the case of the first episode, is succeeded by the exclamation, "Absalom, Absalom!" and leads to the third entry of the principal subject. An effective *coda* then brings this very inspiring number to a close on the words, "Absalom, all hail!" Number 18 of the work introduces Absalom (tenor) in a recitative and song, "Oh that I were made judge in the land!" The recitative is in the key of G minor, *allegretto grazioso*, and is of an exceedingly melodious character. The song, "My judgment shall be as a robe," is in E flat, *andante*, three-four time. It is bright and tuneful, as suited to the theme, and is calculated to become exceedingly popular. The character of the music changes on the words, "I will break the jaws of the wicked," from a tuneful *legato* to a spirited declamatory style, and there is a recurrence of the *rondo* chorus, "Absalom prepareth," transposed into a higher key, as evincing the increasing determination of Absalom's followers to join him in the revolt. There is this departure, however, that the very striking episodes to which we have referred are appropriately omitted, as is also the recapitulation of the theme. This is followed by what may not inaptly be termed the "Conspirator's Chorus" of the oratorio. It opens *andante e sempre piano*, in common time, in the key of G minor. The instrumentation is strikingly characteristic of the mysterious plotting of Absalom and his associates. The violoncellos give out a secret passage, *pp.*, succeeded by one of different design for the viola, which is taken up in turn by the violins. The alto voices enter upon the words, "Give ear, all ye tribes of Israel," *sotto voce*, and the other voices join in dialogue fashion and with highly dramatic effect, descriptive of the gradual growth of the revolt. The number, which is in the Professor's happiest vein and is wonderfully striking, concludes with a repetition of the mysterious theme for 'cellos.

The attention of the audience is arrested by the interposition at this point of an appropriate reflective solo for contralto, "Woe unto them that call evil good," in A flat, common time, *allegro agitato*. This is of a plaintive, sorrowful character, with occasional declamatory passages, and then ensues a chorus of David's faithful followers, in C sharp minor, twelve-eight time, *allegro*, descriptive of their flight across the Jordan to Mahanaim, concluding with a short march of twelve bars, and leading directly into the chorus, "Thou, O King, shall not go forth to the battle." This is in Professor Macfarren's favourite dialogue manner, and is in A, three-four time, and contains much effective writing. The voice of David is then heard in a recitative and song, "What seemeth you best I will do," in which David, while placing himself in the hands of his followers, beseeches them to deal gently with the recreant Absalom. A lengthy recitative is followed by a prayer for David in F minor, *largo*, a touching, plaintive composition, in which the King calls upon the Lord not to forsake him. An exceedingly appropriate, reflective duet for soprano and contralto, "Like as a father pitith his children," in D flat, six-eight time, *andante con moto*, with a very effective modulation on the words "Look how high the heavens are in comparison with the earth," intervenes. Then follows a dialogue between David and the women, in which the female voices are employed in a kind of choral accompaniment to the voice of David, calling upon God to bring judgment upon his enemies. Then is introduced a very dramatic incident representing the women watching upon the walls of Mahanaim for tidings of the battle. Messengers arrive with news, and are accosted with choral ejaculations of "What of the battle?"

Finally comes the news that Absalom is slain, and this highly dramatic and skilfully-constructed *scena* is followed by the heart-broken lamentations of the stricken monarch. The notes of the harp in this sorrowful lament are effectively employed. A sort of moral commentary upon the trouble which has overtaken the royal father is given in the succeeding soprano solo, "Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord," in D, three-four time, *andante*, which leads off with a passage for the viola. This, again, is followed by the chorus of the Twelve Tribes, in G, *largo*, three-four time, calling for David to return with his people. It is accompanied by the full orchestra, commencing with scale passages for the stringed instruments, horns and trumpets sustaining. The voices then enter *fortissimo*, unaccompanied, on the word "Arise." A silent pause ensues. The scale passages for the violins are again repeated, followed by the chorus on the words, "Come forth," and this again is followed by a silent pause. This is succeeded by David's repentance, a lengthy solo on words taken from the 51st Psalm, "Have mercy upon me, O God," *adagio*, in C minor, two-four time, and then comes the grand concluding chorus.

The *finale* may be divided into three principal sections. Part I. is a chorus in plain four-part harmony; the second a most ex-

quisite quartet, for the most part unaccompanied; and the third a skilful and elaborate fugue, showing in every bar the hand of a perfect master. The subject of the chorus leads off *pp.* on the words "Joy, joy in heaven," in unison and the octaves, to the organ accompaniment only. A couple of bars for wood and horns intervene, and the words are repeated to different music, but still in unison, and still to an organ accompaniment. Fourteen bars of ascending scale passages lead to a repetition of the opening passage sung *fortissimo* to a moving accompaniment for full orchestra with organ, and then with occasional instrumental intervening passages the chorus proceeds in plain four part harmony until the quartet is reached. The quartet is in F, and is wonderfully effective. The concluding Gloria returns to the key of B flat *tempo giusto*, and is a thoroughly well-developed fugue, the subject of which is given out by the tenors, followed by the altos, trebles, and basses successively, and brings the oratorio to a most impressive conclusion on the word "Amen." T. J. DUDENEY.

#### TWANGS FROM "THE LUTE."

We read that Canon Franz Liszt is composing an oratorio, *St. Stanislas*. More than ever let us act upon Longfellow's injunction, "Go forth to meet the future without fear and with a manly heart."

Italian opera may be going down in England, but it seems to be going up elsewhere. As our readers know, a house will soon be ready for it in Paris, and we learn that Signor Bimbingo was to open a month's campaign in Berlin during September. It will be curious to note how *Semiramide* and *Othello* are received in the German capital at this time of day.

Some excellent madrigals have recently been added to the programme of the Leeds Festival. They include Linley's "Let me careless," Converso's "When all alone my bonny love," and Wilbye's "Oriana." It is a capital notion to give such things as these to Mr Broughton's magnificent choir. They are far too much neglected in favour of twaddle.

Dr Horace Hill, of Norwich, is about publishing an oratorio on the subject of Nehemiah, and mainly dealing with the restoration of the walls of Jerusalem. The work has been written with a view to the requirements of musical societies, and, while it provides sufficient difficulty and variety of music, will be found within the scope of competent amateurs. Dr Hill is an accomplished musician, and we look for the new *Nehemiah* with interest.

EVENING FÊTE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Keeping pace with the times, and adopting as well as leading the popular and public taste, the management of the Palace at Sydenham introduced on Saturday evening (the 22nd ult.) a fresh attraction for the pleasure of their visitors. The central transept extending from the Handel Orchestra to the great stage was for the first time transformed into a romantic promenade illuminated by many hundreds of Chinese lanterns and thousands of Vauxhall lamps. Modern style being altogether unsuited to a revival of the nightly festivities that reigned during the Georgian period in the gardens from which those lamps derive their name, the manager and his staff have adapted their illuminations and devices admirably to present requirements. In the centre, overhanging a fountain, an immense "lantern of lanterns," constituting a parabolic design, 70 feet by 46, lights, dimly, it is true, but with placid and pleasing effect the dark dome above. The plan of this unique arrangement embraces eleven circles of vari-coloured lanterns. From this, through the dark reaches of the transept, stretch graceful festoons of similar character, giving to the spectator the idea of a space only bounded by the sky. The floor is deftly and prettily furnished with parterres of foliage plants lighted with Vauxhall lamps. A very fine effect is produced by the illumination of the stage and the groups of statuary ranged in the proscenium. The tableau here presented is at once heightened and softened by a luxuriant display of ferns and shrubs massed by Mr Head, the gardener. The whole of the designs were carried out, under the superintendence of Mr Carr, by Mr Fenton, of the scenic department. Mr Cleather, the manager, and Mr Grist, his assistant, are to be congratulated on their happy addition to the charms of the Palace at night—an addition which, if not quite original, nor as yet altogether perfect, is decidedly pleasing. The introduction of a few electric lights would materially enhance without at all overpowering the milder illuminations. Visitors to the popular Saturday evening concerts (so ably conducted by Mr Manns), who on Saturday thronged the concert-hall to overflowing, had the illuminations in full view while seated in the half-open room enjoying the music. The fêtes will after October 6th be held on other evenings than Saturdays.—D. N.

## MUSICAL SKETCHES.

BY H. E. D.

## No. 2.—THE MOONLIGHT SONATA.

"Tis love creates their melody, and all  
This waste of music is the voice of love."

—THOMSON'S *Seasons*.

One mellow summer evening a young man of noticeable appearance was wandering listlessly along in the delightful outskirts of a country town. We say he was of noticeable appearance, because his manner of dress had sufficient character to denote, even to a not very observant person, that he was a man of originality. Though he appeared careless whither his steps led him, it must not be thought that his mind was seized with a morbid melancholy, or that he was indifferent to all the beauties of nature with which he was surrounded. Ever and anon he would stop to look back at the picturesque old town nestled amid the rich foliage of the peaceful vale, to pluck some tempting wild flower, or to scan with an artist's eye and an artist's pleasure the simple symmetry of some old gabled cottage or homely farm.

The sun was already beginning to sink behind the golden meadows on the hillside, when our young friend paused in front of an old country house, which was separated from the road by a little garden of floral luxuriance. The hollyhock and sunflower bent their smiling heads towards him in happy rivalry, but he heeded them not. He was listening to the music within, and as the sweet notes of the piano were borne through the half open window and fell upon his ear, his heart was filled with a strange yearning, and a not unwilling enchantment kept him where he stood. It was the "Moonlight" Sonata which was being played, and he leaned over the wooden fence anxious lest he should lose one note of that wondrous composition. At length the final chord was struck, and as it fled away on the still evening air it seemed to leave a mysterious echo within his heart.

"What is this music?" he said, "this mystic entanglement of sounds, that awakens within one emotions which have long been dead, and passions which one never knew heretofore? Is it the true heart-voice of the composer, vibrating through his works so long as they endure? Is it some magic charm which subdues the will, allures the mind, and leads one into strange realms of emotional bliss? Or is it the simple voice of Love? Perchance, music is the sacred medium through which the God of Nature speaks to the souls of men!"

Thus was our friend musing, when the door was opened and a maiden stepped into the garden to pluck one flower while it was yet blushing at the dewy kiss of the departing sun. She was very beautiful, and her attire, so free from excess, so graceful in its simplicity, enhanced her charms.

At first she did not see the stranger, but when in a moment she turned towards him, she gave a slight start at discovering some one standing so near her.

"Pardon me," he cried, "for having startled you, and for my rudeness in lingering on the frontier of your peaceful domain!" She bowed courteously, and he continued: "These flowers are indeed tempting to a wayfarer, but it was another sense than sight or smell that drew me hither, and I was pilfering not the blossoms around me, but the sweets of melody and harmony which came from within. Let me offer you my sincere thanks for a few moments of entire happiness, for I cannot be mistaken—it must have been you who played."

She blushed slightly and again bowed. "Yes, it was I," she said, "and I am glad that I was able to so interpret the work of a master-mind as to afford you pleasure. I must now return within, and therefore bid you good evening."

"Forgive me," he said, "if I entreat you to stay one moment longer!" "Nay, why should I?" she replied, "I need not remind you that we are strangers." "True; but I—I wanted to—to thank you for your music." She gave a short, merry laugh. "But you have done so already, music would seem to weaken the memory. But perhaps you are a musician yourself, and therefore deeply sensitive under the influence of the 'concord of sweet sounds.'"

"No," he replied, "but I am an artist,—a painter in transient colours on materials that decay—unlike the musician, whose inspirations may be transmitted unimpaired through endless generations."

"Then since my father is a connoisseur and you are an artist, he will, I know, be glad to become acquainted with you. I pray you, therefore, stop within."

Does the gentle reader imagine that he needed much persuasion, or that he hesitated on the threshold?

"Father! here is a stranger (name and address unknown) whom I have arrested for loitering outside your house apparently with felonious intent. I charge him before you in your capacity of Justice of the Peace, but as he is an artist, I recommend him to mercy,—that is, you know, because artists are frequently deemed unaccountable for their actions."

All three laughed heartily at this sally, and were soon engaged in friendly and unrestrained conversation. Our artist's father and the country squire it seemed were close friends in early life, and the latter therefore received our young friend with much warmth.

What happiness did our friend feel as he sat in that old fashioned room with its quaint and picturesque furniture, passing the twilight in conversation with the intelligent squire and especially with that fairest of daughters! She played to him some dreamy nocturnes and romances, and sung one of Schubert's inimitably passionate and soul-stirring songs, whilst he listened with unspeakable delight.

"You must initiate me some day," she said, "into a few of the mysteries of your art."

"I suspect," he replied, "there is little more than technical details and manipulative dexterity to teach one with your evident musical genius. I cannot agree with those who would separate the arts. The poet, the musician, the painter, the sculptor, the actor,

"Are of imagination all compact."

"The same poetic inspiration, imaginative and creative powers, and reverence for the mysteries of Nature, are equally necessary to each, and without them can no true artist in either calling be. Their noble aim and object are the same; they differ only in the means employed."

"But do not the different arts appeal to different senses?" she asked.

"Truly," he replied; "but the senses are merely channels to the mind. Some persons develop the use of one sense and some of another—some even of all; but the emotional result is much the same. All the arts, too, are in a greater or less degree voluptuous, or capable of affecting and pleasing all the senses."

And thus they talked until the evening was far advanced. How hard it was for him to break himself away from the happy spot, and if the Squire did not perceive at their parting that something more than interest, or even friendship, had sprung up between his daughter and her new acquaintance, it must have been owing to his eyes beginning to grow dim with increasing years.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The old Squire has gone into the Eternal Silence, but not without having witnessed the consummation of our young lovers' bliss and bestowed his blessing on the bridal.

It may be true that often in the summer evenings the young wife will sit at the piano and play the Moonlight Sonata, as on that first evening of their love, whilst the husband will linger at the garden fence, and dream over again the happy hours of the roseate past.

Well, if they do, what is that to the reader? Have not men and women done more idle things than this in the springtime of their affection?

THE OPERA AT NEW YORK.—Mr Mapleson started on the 4th October for New York, to resume his management of Italian Opera at the Academy of Music. With Mr Abbey's new enterprise now staring him in the face, he may meet with unforeseen obstacles; but Mr Mapleson has encountered obstacles frequently, and, his star being a lucky one, has generally surmounted them. He has Madme Adelina Patti on his side, and her old rival, Madme Christine Nilsson, against him. The result is anticipated with incredible interest by amateurs of the opera at New York; and there is every likelihood of Gluck-Piccinni war being waged among amateurs of Italian opera throughout the United States. The issue must probably depend upon mere chance. The public are more fickle and "ill-contrived" than they are in England, or even France. All taken into consideration, however, it cannot fail to be a very interesting and exciting season. If victory rests with both sides, it will be little short of a phenomenon in the operatic world.—Graphic.

## MR CARRODUS AND MENDELSSOHN'S VIOLIN CONCERTO.

The learned and excellent musical critic of the *Daily News* thus commemorates the most recent performance of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto by our representative Master of the Fiddle:—

"The violin concerto of Mendelssohn—like that of Beethoven, the only work of its kind produced by the composer, both being the greatest of their class—was played by Mr Carrodus in a style that has never been surpassed, and has seldom been equalled. In clearness of execution, rhythmical distinctness of phrasing, alternate brilliancy and grace, and command alike of the finger-board and the bow, the performance was of the highest order. Special praise is due to Mr Carrodus for not following the almost universal example of exaggerating the speed of the first and final movements. Many eminent violinists are accustomed to take these movements at such a furious pace that the prevailing *cantabile* style of the first is lost, and the triplets and other passages of display are confused and indistinct; while the forced rapidity with which the last *allegro* is generally rendered makes it almost impossible for the accompanying wood wind instruments to enunciate the important passages which are frequently concerted with the solo violin, the result very often having the effect of a scramble designed to ascertain the shortest possible time in which the music can be got through. In the performance of Mr Carrodus now commented on, every phrase had its due significance; and while the delivery of the melodious *andante* was a model of unaffected expression, the execution of the first and closing portions of the concerto was characterised by unflagging vivacity and brilliancy under the control of sound discretion. It was throughout a masterly interpretation of a great work, and was received with enthusiastic applause."

To every word of which, having been present on the occasion, we can bear willing testimony.—W. D. D.

## A FEW WORDS ON THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Appearances are not to be trusted if Mr W. F. Thomas's season is proving other than successful. The various performances are fully attended, by no means the smallest audience being drawn by programmes in which high class works have a conspicuous place. This is one of the pleasantest features connected with the enterprise. Everybody, of course, knows that music, though the chief, is not the only attraction at Covent Garden under the present management, the Floral Hall being itself worth a visit to those who desire an agreeable lounge. Yet the fact is obvious that a very large proportion of each nightly crowd cares for little save the performances of Mr Gwylym Crowe's excellent orchestra, and the no less admirable vocalists from time to time associated therewith. It would be strange, indeed, were the case otherwise. Granted that the prevailing conditions are not wholly favourable to the best rendering of important works, what is done is accomplished more than well enough for the enjoyment of the amateur and the edification of the many who attend for other reasons. They are not the thoughtful amongst us who ridicule the idea of performing great symphonies to a thronged promenade. No doubt some listeners soon tire and go away, and others hear with vacant mind; but there will always be some upon whom the music makes an impression more or less intelligently apprehended. Scatter good seed anywhere, and at least a few grains will take root and grow. We believe that this applied emphatically to the performance of classical music at Covent Garden, where amateurs are always present in sufficient numbers to set an example of respect, and masterpieces are actually heard with better than a semblance of attention. It must be said that Mr Crowe usually makes an excellent selection of famous works for Wednesday night, when the first part of the programme is given up to them. On the last occasion, for example, he chose the overture to *Oberon*, the *Daye des Sylphes*, one of Berlioz's most dainty fancies, and the ever-welcome *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven, not in part, but entire. We have often insisted that "programme music," now so fashionable with composers that they rarely produce any other, is an inferior form of an art which boasts perfect self-sufficiency as its great glory. Yet "programme music" has uses, one being that it makes an intelligible appeal to the many who cannot rise to a proper appreciation of abstract music. Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* with its connected pictures of rural life, commands the attention of a mixed audience far more powerfully than would the best example of "pure" art, and we cannot but think that were conductors oftener to present such music, and take care to make known its

significance, a good work would be accomplished in the more rapid improvement of public taste. High-class vocal pieces are, we need scarcely say, recommended at Covent Garden by artists more or less well known. If we pass lightly over the less serious works making up the second part of the programme, it is not because they are all unworthy of notice. Every great master has written so-called trivialities, which have their place and deserve to be respected in it. When, therefore, Mr Crowe presents such a piece as Meyerbeer's *Fuckeltanz* or a bright overture by Auber, such as *Marco Spada*, there is no occasion for the sneer of superiority. Compositions of this kind are worth notice even as a means of education.—D. T.

THE POPULAR BALLAD CONCERTS.—The first of the series announced for the winter season was held at the Foresters' Hall on Monday evening, October 1st, when a large audience assembled to honour the occasion. The appreciation shown by the company present testifies to the tact of the management, in which Mrs Ernest Hart takes such an active part. These concerts at Clerkenwell were started with the avowed object of supplying the inhabitants of that crowded district with entertainments free from the debasing taint of the music-hall, and of presenting programmes which should instruct as well as amuse. Now the classes appealed to are somewhat sensitive about interference in their recreations by those far above them in social position. Above all they resent smuggling in sectarian dogmas under the guise of amusement. They are quick also in detecting the presence of moral medicines beneath a palatable covering, and therefore prefer going to church or chapel when they want religion to finding it in places they visit of an evening to obtain relief from the close pressure of daily toil. Again the word "education" must not be obtrusively put forward, for they are unprepared to recognize instruction in a song, and have not as yet the affection to see anything in it but pastime. Still, again, are they quick at weighing the value of patronage, and will laughingly put it aside if self-seeking be apparent in the bestower. No one more readily than the working classes can see whether the aristocratic performer before them is thinking not so much of their amusement as of their applause. Now the committee and directors of the Popular Ballad Concerts have with rare judgment, up to the present time, steered clear of those difficulties; the programmes have not partaken of the church catechism or class book; and when rich or noble amateurs have sung or played, their public displays have not only been worthy of their audiences, but the manner in which they have been made has never, in any case, conveyed that sense of superiority which takes away the value of the gift. For instance, no singer is more popular with the Clerkenwell audience than Lady Colin Campbell, who sang with such ability and success last Monday night. For the moment the audience and the aristocratic singer were as one—in perfect sympathy together. The directors, however, are now in earnest in working out the educational part of the scheme. In their three centres, in Clerkenwell, Shoreditch, and Bermondsey, they are busy organizing choral and instrumental classes under the superintendence of Mr W. Henry Thomas. True, there are obstacles still to surmount, as they have unexpectedly been refused the use of rooms connected with the Board Schools. But this impediment cannot long stand in their way. Suitable and convenient apartments will, doubtless, soon be taken, and the classes set to work in full swing. The fee both for the singing and orchestral schools is small, and the members of the latter will be assisted as far as possible in procuring instruments. The ultimate design is to use those forces in concerts given by the institution. Even now the choral society branch is advertised to sing at concerts during the season just entered upon, and, judging from what it has already done, its performance of choruses by the great masters will be highly satisfactory. There are twenty-six concerts announced by the society, to be given alternately at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell, the Shoreditch Town Hall, and the Bermondsey Town Hall, nine of which will be devoted to works of the classical masters. As already intimated, the concert last Monday night worthily inaugurated the series. The performers, in addition to Lady Colin Campbell, were Miss Ambler, Miss Edith Phillips, Madam Annetta Francis; Mr Bartrum, Mr Henry Prenton, and Mr Aylmer. Madam Bertha Brousil was especially successful in violin solos, Mr W. Henry Thomas being as usual the able conductor.—P. G.

## The Conscript Fathers.

Preliminary "Nox."



PRESIDENT.—Well, what say you all?

FATHER I.—I differ from you on two points.

FATHER II.—I must write three articles about it.

FATHER III. (excited).—I think you are hopelessly in error.

FATHER IV.—You may be right here and wrong there. Wait till my horse is amended.

FATHER V. (*tacet*).

PRESIDENT.—We must really decide the point at the forthcoming nox. Wagner, I have told you, requires unconditional surrender.

(Subject dropped. Pipes replenished. Dead silence during rest of nox.)

## DEATH.

On September 28, at Guildford Road, Clapham, THOMAS BAXTER, late Vicar-Choral of Westminster Abbey, aged 56.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC AT MARGATE.—Unavoidably postponed till our next number.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON &amp; Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1883.

## PROFESSOR MACFARREN'S ACADEMY ADDRESS.

On Saturday the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, Professor Sir George Macfarren, delivered his annual address on the opening of the academic year.

Professor Macfarren, after greeting the professors and the pupils on the dawn of the sixty-second year of the operations of the Academy, asked them to consider for a moment the mine wherewith they had to work. It was an ocean, in some places fathomless, in others shallow, but always with a surface which, though it might be roughened, with patience reflected the objects that surrounded it—the light of the heavens, the landscape of the shore. Such were the influences brought to bear upon every one who pursued art as the business, as the love, as the occupation of their lives. After

referring to the pre-eminence which music began to gain in Flanders at the beginning of the sixteenth century, he observed that a school of music for the most part was built upon the peculiarities, the characteristic efforts of one individual, which became the subject of emulation and imitation by others. Let them, then, hope that with the advancing tide of musical education some English genius might arise who would establish the groundwork of a school that was to render our country as notable in the future as it was in the past (applause). He must now conscientiously speak on a subject which he still felt to be delicate, but which he also felt to be so important as to overcome personal scruples. Let them leave personalities out of the question, and look upon the broad principle of art-progress and art-development. A strong opinion had been disseminated in recent years of the exhaustion of the musical capabilities of the previous generation—the necessity for novelty and the desirability of something in the time to come which had not been of old. One composer in particular had by extraordinary exertions of the printing-press, brought himself into prominent notice—a composer of such ability that his exertions had to a large extent justified the esteem in which he had been held, but whose genius had been in a large sense misapplied, and whose works were to be studied rather in the sense of what to avoid than what to follow. While Richard Wagner was a worker in the world it became, or it remained, a matter of journalism to criticise the merits of this or that work he brought forward. He was now, however, not of them in the sense of an active member, but he would for long be with them in the manifestation of his powers, which remained. It was for hereafter to prove how great a power of permanence was in his works. Much might be said against them—(hear, hear)—first, in their dramatic construction, in the total unlikeness to pre-

cedent in his frequent choice of subjects, in his employment of monsters and preternatural beings—which in many instances placed his serious works on a parallel with the openings of our comic pantomimes—(laughter)—in other cases his prolongation of dramatic situations beyond the possibilities of life, and so withdrawing the vital principles of dramatic effect. There were many instances in his dramatic works which he would not allow to be called operas, and which his admirers told us were not music, wherein what in old times would be called the vice in dramatic construction, of keeping the stage waiting, prevailed for seconds, nay, for minutes, and, while no action proceeded, a person stood as though he were delivering a lesson to the audience rather than performing a living character in the scene which was in action (laughter). In another sense, in his treatment of orchestration, this composer differed from the practice which had made orchestration an art in itself. Orchestration one might describe as the chemistry of sound—the learning how to balance different qualities of tone so as to produce new effects of sound from their combination. The greatest art of the orchestral writer was to produce such a variety of tone, yet to make for ever the distinctness of its several parts apparent to the hearer (applause). Such they found to be the case in the orchestration of Mozart, who was—and must, he thought, remain—the greatest model for them all. No one had produced more beautiful effects of musical combination than Mozart; but there was never an occasion when one could not distinctly trace by the ear, in performance, the distinct walk in every part of the score, as one could trace it by the eye if one examined the musical construction on paper. In the composer whose name he had mentioned—Wagner—there was not a variety of sound. The same quality of tone prevailed throughout an opera of four hours' length. One had but the variety which was made by striking more forcibly or less forcibly on the pianoforte—of loud and less loud—but the constancy of the same tone of brass and reed instruments prevailed from beginning to end, and with such indistinctness of part writing that when the music had been committed to memory by a listener he could not, in many instances, trace the elements of the score. On that ground he feared that this writer had exercised a bad influence to the musical history of the past, though he would have been no influence but for the genius he had manifested, which he (the speaker) most distinctly wished to acknowledge (applause). The beautiful passages which appeared in the course of his works dazzled them and benumbed the sense for the moment to those large portions which were unequal to them. It was particularly to be desired that they should watch his moments of beauty with circumspection, and in comparison with the writings of other men. Another element of this author's writing was his discarding the principles of musical construction, grounding his practice upon the idea that music was but a portion of the work presented to the public, that it was dependent on the words, that it was dependent on the dramatic action, that it must work together with these to complete the composition presented, and that the trammels, as they were called, of art-forms were fetters to genius, and hindrances to the just development of the musical idea. A work of art without plan, design, or form could not exist. A work of nature presented to us most distinct evidences of plan, design, and form; and art could only emulate nature when it went on principle, and when it constructed its productions with this ideal of principle at its very root (applause). Musical design should be built upon the exigencies of the situation that had to be illustrated, but that situation was at the heart of the musical plan, and musical plan might be thoroughly designed, thoroughly fulfilled, if the peculiarities of the text (if it referred but to words), if the dramatic action (if extended over single sentences) were made the groundwork of musical plan. In the genuine masterpieces of dramatic construction—he meant the two great operas of Mozart and the one opera of Beethoven—there was the strongest illustration of dramatic requirements. Each person in the drama had a character of music to sing which distinguished him from every one of the others; every situation in the scene was so fully embodied in music that one might almost count the footsteps, almost conceive

the gesticulations, with which this music was to be put into action, and yet the musical design of every number was as perfect as if it had been applied to instrumental composition where there was nothing but the composer's fancy to control. (Applause.) Let those masterpieces be their guide, and if they were to attempt the modern, let it be in comparison with what had gone before, and which had established itself as the classical in art. From these remarks they might call him a Conservative—a Tory, if they would (laughter). Let them conserve what was good, and bind themselves to the study of what had received the stamp of time; but let them be radical, and ply to the very root what in novel discoveries might advance their art and assist their progress. Let them denounce nothing because it was new, but let them inspect the elements of which it was composed, and find in them the qualities of beauty for their acceptance, or those abnormal monsters which they must reject (loud applause). In conclusion, he asked them all to take pride with him and emulation in the past of their Academy history.

Mr Brinley Richards proposed a vote of thanks to the Principal for his address, and, in doing so, offered Sir G. Macfarren sincere congratulations upon his work, which was shortly to be produced before the world at Leeds.

The resolution was passed with acclamation.

CARL ROSA'S OPERA COMPANY AT MANCHESTER.—Mr Carl Rosa's two new English operas, *Esméralda* and *Colomba*, are quite as fully appreciated in Manchester as they have already been in Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Liverpool. Each work finds its ardent admirers, which, as the schools to which they respectively belong are so essentially different, is easy to be understood; but in any circumstances, both Mr Goring Thomas and Mr Mackenzie may be fairly congratulated on their success. Meanwhile, the other favourite operas—*Mignon*, *Faust*, *Carmen*, &c.—have maintained their place in the bills, to the satisfaction of Mr Rosa's supporters and the interests of his undertaking. The same performers have represented the leading characters on each occasion.—*Graphic*.

IRVING AT EDINBURGH.—The fortnight's engagement of Mr Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum company, at the New Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, was brought to a brilliant termination on Saturday evening, with a performance of *Louis XI.* The morning performance on the same day, when *The Merchant of Venice* was played, realized the sum of £457 10s., which is believed to be the largest amount ever taken at the doors of an English theatre out of London on a single occasion. The performance of *The Bells* and *The Belle's Stratagem*, on the previous Monday night, fell, however, hardly short of these financial results, the receipts having been exactly £436 18s. Such figures are probably altogether without parallel; and if the pecuniary test be a somewhat prosaic one, it indicates, at all events, unmistakably the enthusiasm exhibited by Edinburgh audiences on the occasion of this memorable farewell visit.

STERNDALE BENNETT AND THE GERMANS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.—Sterndale Bennett's music is strangely neglected. He was a composer of whom Englishmen should be proud, yet how rarely does his name appear in a programme. Bennett was warmly appreciated in his day by those whose appreciation was best worth having. In the *Life of Moscheles* for instance, that admirable pianist and stern critic speaks of corresponding with Mendelssohn "upon the subject of all musical novelties in our days," and adds, "He and I are greatly delighted with Bennett's overture to *The Naiades*, and the public greets it with enthusiasm." This is a preliminary to my object in drawing attention to the fact that Sterndale Bennett's cantata, *The May Queen*, is to be given at the Crystal Palace very shortly (it was postponed from Saturday afternoon), arranged for the stage, the integrity of the music being of course scrupulously respected. The idea is an excellent one, for the cantata is charming in itself—the tenor song, "O, meadow clad in early green," is one of the most exquisitely beautiful in English music—and the performance is likely to draw attention to the fact that Sir William Sterndale Bennett left behind him much admirable music of many kinds. Sir Julius Benedict's *Graziella*, which was originally intended for the stage, will also be transferred from the concert-hall to the boards on the same occasion.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

## CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 609.)

In 1821, Cherubini re-appeared for an instant on the stage, but in no brilliant manner, and with one of those occasional pieces which are doomed to die at their birth, and which for a long time the most distinguished, nay, the most celebrated artists were condemned to write. On the 29th September, 1820, seven months and a half after the horrible assassination of her husband, the Duchesse de Berry gave birth to a posthumous son, the Duc de Bordeaux, who, better known to-day under the name of the Comte de Chambord, is the last direct heir of the old Royal Family of France.\* It was not till seven months after his birth that they thought of having him baptized, and the baptism was accompanied, of course, with grand official rejoicings, in which, as usual, the theatres took an active share. The Opera, for its part, had to get up a work in one act and three tableaux, *Blanche de Provence, ou la Cour des Fées*, the poem of which was written by two ardent Royalists, Théaulon and de Rancé, while the music was entrusted to five composers.† It was not, however, at the Opera, but at Court that the first performance took place. Here is the entry which I find about it in Cherubini's Catalogue:

"*Blanche de Provence*, one-act opera, divided into three parts, the music of the third part being composed by me; the other parts were set by MM. Berton, Boieldieu, Kreutzer, and Paér. This opera was ordered by the Minister of the King's Household, on the occasion of the baptism of the Duc de Bordeaux, which took place on the 1st May, 1821, at Notre Dame; in the evening, the first performance of *Blanche* was given at the Theatre of the Court; the second, on the 3rd of the same month, at the Royal Academy of Music, for which the opera was composed."

Works of this description are condemned to have only an ephemeral existence. Owing to particular circumstances, however, that of *Blanche de Provence* was even shorter than might have been expected. We know that the Opera was demolished, by order of the superior authorities, after the Duc de Berry's murder, and that the company had to take refuge provisionally at the Théâtre Favart, pending the completion of the new building, which was being erected for them in the Rue Le Pelletier, by the architect Debret. Now, on the 11th May, the company left the Théâtre Favart to give a few concerts in the Salle Louvois, previous to the 16th August, the day fixed for the inauguration of the new house. In the confusion, nothing more was thought of *Blanche de Provence*, the career of which was limited to three performances, counting that given at Court. Of this unfortunate work all that survived was an adorable chorus of the most exquisite effect: "Dors, mon enfant," which formed part of the third tableau, precisely the one written by Cherubini. This chorus, still celebrated, was inscribed in the programme of the first concert given on the 9th March, 1828, by the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire; since then, it has always remained in the repertory of that famous institution.‡

\* Recently deceased.

† Looked at merely in the light of theatrical history, it is rather curious to see the works which such events called forth. Here is a complete list of the pieces performed at our Paris Theatres on the occasion of the baptism of the Duc de Bordeaux:—At the Comédie-Française, *Jeanne d'Albret, ou le Berceau*, one-act comedy, in verse, by Théaulon, Rochefort, and Carnouche; At the Opéra-Comique, *Le Panorama de Paris*, vaudeville, in one act, and five tableaux, by Théaulon, who, as we see, did not spare himself; at the Odéon, *L'Hôtel des Invalides, ou la Députation*, one-act comedy, in prose, by Dubois; at the Vandeville, *Le Baptême au Village*, one-act vaudeville, by Désaugiers and Gentil; at the Gymnase, *Le Château de Chambord*, one-act vaudeville, by Ménissier and Martin; at the Variétés, *Le Gardes-chasse de Chambord*, one-act vaudeville, by Rongemont and Brazier; at the Porte Saint-Martin, *Les Suites d'un Biensait*, one-act vaudeville, by Ménissier, Aubertin and Martin; at the Gaîté, *Les Deux Baptêmes*, one-act vaudeville, by Dubois; at the Ambigu, *Le Baptême, ou la Double Fête*, one-act vaudeville, by Coupard and Warez; at the Cirque-Olympique, *Le Berceau, ou les Trois Ages*, mimodrama, by Franconi and Cuvelier; and, lastly, at the Panorama-Dramatique, *Les Faubouriens de Paris*, one-act vaudeville, by Duperche and \* \* \*

‡ In his *Catalogue de la bibliothèque de l'Opéra*, M. Théodore de Lajart informs us that, in the score of *Blanche de Provence* "each of the composers took a letter of the alphabet so that he might be recognized among his colleagues: B represented Berton; C, Boieldieu; D, Kreutzer; E, Paér; F, Cherubini." M. de Lajart adds that the authors were liberally compensated, and that, while Kreutzer obtained the Cross of the Legion of Honour, Cherubini, Berton, Boieldieu, and Paér were decorated with the Order of

But *Blanche de Provence* was not the only work in which Cherubini had a share on the occasion of the festivities connected with the baptism of the young Duc de Bordeaux. He had, also, to submit to write another occasional composition, which I find thus registered in his diary:

"Cantata for several voices, with choruses interspersed, and with accompaniments; the words by Baour-Lormain. Performed on the 2nd May, at the festivities which took place at the Hôtel-de-Ville on the occasion of the baptism of the Duc de Bordeaux."

This was, however, his last production of the kind. With the year 1822, a new career is about to open for him, a career which will fill up all the last portion of his life, and contribute no less to the brilliancy of his name than did the admirable works which rendered that name immortal. We are about to see him, in consequence of the reorganization and complete reconstitution of the Conservatory, placed at the head of that establishment, and acquiring, as the director of one of our most important schools, the reputation of an upright administrator, as active as laborious; severe because he was equitable; passionately devoted to what was good; full of energy, courage, and will; and, by his efforts, covering with glory the institution whose destinies were confided to his skilful hands.

P.S.—Some of the readers of the *Ménestrel*, who have been kind enough to write to me, have, while congratulating me, for which I thank them, on my recent articles, expressed regret at finding me rather harsh in my appreciation of Berlioz's conduct towards Cherubini. I am absolutely obliged to remark to my kind correspondents that my severity was, if anything, rather less than it should have been. When Berlioz, in his *Mémoires* rendered himself guilty towards Cherubini of the unworthy calumny which I thought it my duty to expose, he doubtless did not recollect a certain letter once written by him relative to this famous subject of the *Requiem*. Now we see by this letter that, far from opposing the execution of Berlioz's *Requiem* in order to make room for his own, Cherubini generously retired before his young rival, and for this the latter returned him his thanks. If the production of Berlioz's work was retarded in consequence of unforeseen circumstances, he himself mentions the fact in the lines he addressed to Cherubini. I did not consider I was bound to reproduce this letter, because the *Ménestrel* published it a year or two ago, and I did not think it was forgotten. Since such is not the case, I am obliged in justification of Cherubini and myself, to place it once more under the eyes of my readers; it will edify them thoroughly as to Berlioz's conduct in this matter, and prove to them that the great artist, when writing his *Mémoires*, did not always trouble himself to observe the exact truth with regard to things on which he was better informed than anyone else. Here is his letter to Cherubini:—

"SIR,—I am deeply touched by the noble abnegation which has led you to refuse your admirable *Requiem* for the ceremony at the Invalides; kindly believe I am profoundly grateful. As, however, the determination of the Minister of the Interior is irrevocable, I now earnestly beg you to think no longer of me, and not to deprive the Government and your admirers of a masterpiece, which would throw so much lustre on the solemnity.

"I remain, with profound respect, sir, your devoted servant,  
"H. BERLIOZ."

When treating Cherubini as he afterwards treated him, Berlioz did not sufficiently bear in mind the old saying, *Scripta manent*.

## XX.

Before retracing the facts which marked Cherubini's Directorship of the Conservatory, I must reveal one which, up to now, had remained completely unknown, though it was far from being without importance. It is this, Cherubini wanted to be manager of the Opera, entered himself as a candidate for the post, and, strangely enough, found he was competing for it against his old friend Viotti, who carried the day and obtained a position which both coveted. Chance alone put me on the track of this incident, which no one has ever mentioned. I owe my knowledge of it to a letter which Viotti wrote to Cherubini, and which has been obligingly communicated to me by the latter's family. It was at the end of 1819. Persuis, who had succeeded Choron in the management of the Opera, and had held the position for two

St Michael. There is here, as far, at least, as regards Cherubini, an error which I myself committed, on the strength of a contemporary document, when speaking of *Blanche de Provence*, in the book I published about Boieldieu. As we have seen above, and in Cherubini's diary, moreover, the Order of St Michael was conferred on him in 1819.

years, was taken seriously ill with the affection of the chest, which was eventually to carry him off. It was necessary to seek someone to succeed him, and the person chosen was Viotti, who had lately returned to France, and who thus saw the fulfilment of a very old wish, since, thirty years before, in the flower of his youth, he had sought and solicited the post. But, I repeat, it was not known before now that Cherubini in this instance was a rival candidate, a fact which will be here published for the first time in the annexed letter:

"Paris, 5th November, 1819.

"I have been informed, my dear friend, that you are angry! . . . If it is with me, you are wrong, and it will not be difficult for me to convince you of this. All my brother told you with regard to the Opera is true. I did not seek the post with which I am honoured, or the position which once more puts an end to my tranquillity! The whole matter has been arranged I know not how, and it was only ten days or a fortnight ago that I was sent for from Châtillon to give my consent. In short, without entering further into details, my brother, I repeat, has told you all, and has told you the truth. As a matter of course, I appreciate profoundly the kindness of the Comte de Pradel; he has a right to my gratitude, and I shall do all I can to prove this to him; but I cannot help feeling extremely sorry at having been the rival of a friend whom I love and whose genius I have always respected and appreciated—of a man whom I shall never cease to love, whatever changes may take place in his heart.—Your affectionate *amico*,

"J. B. VIOTTI."

This business somewhat cooled, it appears, the affectionate relations which had always existed between Viotti and Cherubini. There was certainly some misunderstanding, for their friendship for each other was too deep; their probity, too strict and too absolute; and their delicacy, too unimpeachable, for one of the two to be justified in complaining of the other and in reproaching him with his conduct. The one thing certain in all this is that Cherubini had, like so many others, fondly wished to become manager of our first lyrical theatre.

(To be continued.)

#### COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The usual crowd of music-lovers attended the "classical" concert on Wednesday. The Symphony was Mendelssohn's in A minor ("The Scotch"). The Concerto was also by Mendelssohn (in D minor), played with great intelligence by Miss Josephine Lawrence; and the Overture, Weber's to *Der Freischütz*. Besides which, Schubert's Entracte to *Rosamunde*, Reinecke's "Vorspiel" to *King Alfred*, and Maurer's Quartet for four violins (with orchestral accompaniment) were given—the Quartet being cleverly played by four young ladies: Misses Ward, Wilkes, Dixon, and Turrell. The songs were Berlioz's Serenade (*Faust*) and Weber's "Ocean, thou mighty monster," respectively sung by Mr Burdon and Miss Anna Williams.

ROTTERDAM.—The German Opera season was inaugurated with *Fidelio*, which went off exceedingly well under the direction of Herr Müller, jun. This gentleman, who had already filled the office of conductor in times gone by, was most cordially welcomed on appearing in the orchestra after an absence of two years.

VENICE.—The Teatro della Fenice here, like the Teatro Carlo Felice, Genoa, will shortly re-open after having remained closed for a considerable time, only Sig. Bartoli, the manager of the former theatre receives no help from the Municipality, while the City Fathers of Genoa allow Sig. Tati, of the Carlo Felice, a grant of 125,000 liras for the season.

WIESBADEN.—Professor August Wilhelmj has had a great mark of distinction bestowed on him. As we are aware, he was invited by his Majesty, the German Emperor, to come to the Palace at Homburg, on the 23rd ult., and play before the Princes assembled there some of his most recent compositions. On the 27th ult., an exceedingly artistic diamond ring, with the Imperial initials and crown, was presented to him, the gift being accompanied by a most gracious autograph letter, which, in the first place, again expressed the Emperor's thanks for the rare artistic pleasure Professor Wilhelmj had afforded him, and then proceeded to state that his Imperial Majesty had himself selected the memento, that it might always remind the recipient of the memorable evening in Homburg.—*Nassauische Volkszeitung*.

#### CHURCH AND STAGE.

(From the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.")

A Scotch clergyman, the Rev. Dr Kay, who had been brought up to suppose that theatres were sinks of abomination, attended a performance when Mr Irving was at Edinburgh last week, and found that he had been mistaken. It will be strange if in his old age Dr Kay does not become a confirmed playgoer. He was astonished by all he saw, and published the record of his astonishment in the *Scotsman*. The theatre was not the vulgar, glaring place he had been taught it was. "Elegance, excellent taste, and ornament subdued rather than multiplied" was what he discovered. His ideas of theatrical audiences were derived from a tract which professed to "photograph" them, but the photograph must have been taken, he thinks, under the unfavourable circumstances which result in supplying a lady with two noses, one hand like a child's and the other like an ogre's. It is just possible that if other sweeping denouncers of the stage were to visit a theatre their views might be altered?

Dr Kay's criticisms on *Hamlet*, which he saw on the occasion of his eventful visit, are for the most part excellent, though with all I do not agree, unless Mr Irving has changed his method. In soliloquy, Dr Kay thought Mr Irving too conscious. It seems to me that against this obvious and common fault the actor has fought with complete success, and that he is never seen to greater advantage than in soliloquy where his words appear to be in no sense a set speech, but the dreamy utterance of thoughts that are passing through his mind as he speaks. Dr Kay again thinks "the transition from the feigned madness to the sharp, incisive common sense of the Prince is at times too violent." He wishes the shading to be more gradual. I do not see why. Hamlet feigned madness for an object. When he had not that object in view he ceased to feign. Why should there be any shading here? The contrast is, on the other hand, all to the purpose. Again, says the Doctor, "if such a thing could be compassable by the actor's art, of making love for his mother shine like a streak of light through his anger, it would realize more perfectly, I think, the idea which Shakspeare had." But this seems to me precisely what Mr Irving does. There is infinite tenderness, as Mr Irving delivers them, in Hamlet's words:—

"Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks."

It is odd, by the way, that Dr Kay, who had never been to a theatre before, should have noticed one of those little details which are so valuable in themselves, but are so frequently overlooked by habitual playgoers. "What painstaking must have been in this production of *Hamlet*," he says. "I observed the dumb show of the two peasant girls in the rear of the funeral company, as *Hamlet* rushes off the stage. It reminded me of the saying of a conscientious sculptor who was in Athens bestowing infinite pains upon the hair of a statue which was to stand high up on the temple of Athéné, I think. 'Never man will see it,' said a *laissez-faire* observer. 'The Gods will see it,' replied the man."

#### SONG OF LOVE.

(From "The Lute.")

When love, with its transforming hand  
First touched the scenes I knew so well,  
There came a rose-light o'er the land,  
But whence it came I could not tell.  
The hills and valleys, sun and shade,  
The earth below, the sky above,  
The beauties of the world were made  
To frame the beauty of my love.  
O come, and they shall hail thee queen,  
The hills shall bow their haughty crest;  
The rushing torrent flow serene,  
To bear thy face upon its breast.  
The birds shall warble for thy sake,  
The trees bend low in homage meet,  
The willing leaves shall fall, and make  
A dainty carpet for thy feet.

H. J. BENNETT.

BORD'S PIANOS.—These celebrated instruments have been awarded the gold medal at the Amsterdam Exhibition, and the great merit of Mr A. Bord, as a pianoforte maker, has received deserved recognition at the hands of the President of the French Republic, who, at the recommendation of the Minister of Commerce, has conferred on Mr Bord the title of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

## PROVINCIAL.

TAUNTON.—The correspondent of a local journal says:—“The Philharmonic concert of Thursday evening, Sept. 27th, was a good one in every respect, though I should have liked to have seen a more crowded audience. The programme was well selected, taking it all round. The favourite soloists were evidently Misses Rowe and Sharland, and both ladies certainly sang very nicely. The various glees and part-songs, by members of the association, were well rendered, and displayed both musical knowledge on the part of the vocalists, and a considerable amount of training on that of Mr Dudeney, who officiated as conductor. On the whole I congratulate the association on the musical success of the concert, but I am afraid I shall not be able to do so financially speaking, which is much to be regretted.”

—o—

## THE COSTA TESTIMONIAL.

(To the Editor of “The Lute.”)

MY DEAR SIR,—In your notice of the meeting of the Costa Testimonial Committee (in this month’s *Lute*), you have, in mentioning me, made a mistake in my Christian name, which should have been Francesco, not Emile, Berger. I beg of you, kindly to rectify this in your next number, and thereby much oblige.—Yours very faithfully,

FRANCESCO BERGER.

Killearn, Stirlingshire, Scotland,  
August 17, 1883.

—o—

## AVENUE THEATRE.

It would serve no useful purpose to inquire how much of Meilhac and Halévy’s libretto and Offenbach’s music is contained in the burlesque opera brought out on Wednesday night under the name of *La Vie*, Mr H. B. Farnie, by whom the work has been written and produced, is very frank in his acknowledgments on this matter. He declares that the book is “after” the original French—but for the staleness of the joke he would probably have said “a long way after;” he confesses to “new introductions, songs, and effects;” and we are, perhaps, expected to recognize his idea of the proportion of change in the fact that he has taken from the French title its longest word, leaving two very little ones. *La Vie* is therefore confessedly not *La Vie Parisienne*. No one will complain thereof. Offenbach being far from a classic master, musical purists regard with unconcern the treatment to which he is subjected, while his works have arrived at the stage when they are treated like worn-out jewellery, and have the stones removed for new setting. Mr Farnie has set the gems from *La Vie Parisienne* in a very showy and fantastic production of his art, and the only question is whether the public care for it. If they do—the experience of Wednesday night is very misleading if they do not—then nothing remains but the duty of congratulating manager, author, and everybody concerned. A plot may be found in *La Vie*, but relatively it is not of much consequence. It gets under weigh rather late, much of the first act being taken up by a crowd of indefinite personages whose mutual relationship is, no doubt designedly, kept some time in a dim light. At length matters visibly shape themselves, and the end of the first act sees the Hon. Tom Splinterbarre and Joe Tarradiddle, an hotel tout, change places, in order that the gentleman may remain near Christine von Gondremarke, the daughter of an Austrian Baron just arrived in London. The keynote of extravagance thus struck, a pretty tune follows. To carry on the plot Splinterbarre’s house is represented to the German visitors as an hotel, and a sham ball is given at which the guests are sham persons of distinction. Into the thousand details attendant upon unceasing action and a crowd of characters it is needless to go; but if the wild improbability of the whole thing may be represented as madness, a good deal of method tempers it. The object clearly is to give scope for certain favourite comic actors to keep the stage busy and picturesque, and to raise a laugh as often as possible. Beyond this *La Vie* has no aspirations, and, succeeding in this, its mission is fulfilled. With regard to the comic actors, Mr Farnie has shown the utmost consideration for Mr Lionel Brough and Mr Arthur Roberts, one of whom at least is almost always on the stage and busy in his peculiar way, the first as the ponderous German Baron who threatens to write a book on England, the second as Joe, the tout—a kind of Sam Weller, compounded of shrewdness and slang. If it be said that the special talent of these public favourites found ample scope, there is no need to add that they kept the house in a roar, or that the dry humour of the one contrasted with and set off the broader fun of the other. *La Vie*, in point of fact, is Messrs Brough and Roberts plus a bright stage and some pretty music. The two leading actors were, on the whole, well supported last night; the Hon. Tom and his friend Lord Guy Silverspoon being effectively

played by Mr Herbert Standing and Mr Forbes Drummond, while of the female characters the Baron’s daughter Christine, Gabrielle Chevrette, a glove-girl, and Flounce, a lady’s maid, were wisely entrusted respectively to Miss Lilian La Rue, Mdlle Camille D’Arville, and Miss Clara Graham. Miss La Rue, playing a sentimental part and singing sentimental songs, did not forget the exaggeration proper to burlesque, Mdlle D’Arville, on her part, delivering Gabrielle’s music with real vocal talent, and winning the musical success of the evening. The *ensemble* was throughout excellent, the piece having been well rehearsed, and put upon the stage with no other consideration than that of efficiency. There is no reason why *La Vie* should fail of a long run. It pleases the eye and ear, and if in other respects its purpose is served when a laugh rings out, harmless means are used to reach the end, and honest laughter is a good thing.—D. T.

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MARIE ROZE AND DE NEUVILLE.

(From “The Derby Mercury.”)

During the siege of Paris, in the war of 1870-71, between France and Germany, Mdlle Marie Roze, instead of singing one evening, recited a shepherd’s refrain by that favourite poet of the French populace, Beranger. The occasion was for the benefit of the suffering ones in Paris at that time. Mdlle Marie Roze was attired in a Greek shepherd’s costume, and, as a matter of course, looked very charming. Amongst the vast audience present was the now celebrated painter, De Neuville, who was so captivated by the picturesque appearance which the *prima donna* presented that he made a hasty pencil sketch upon the spot. A few weeks later he sent Mdlle Roze a fine portrait of herself, and begged her acceptance of the same. The picture was recently seen by the writer in Mdlle Roze’s London residence. De Neuville’s pictures now fetch very long prices. His last picture, representing the charge of the Highlanders at Tel-el-Kebir, having, it is said, been sold for £8,000. A Russian connoisseur in art, who is making a collection of pictures of the impressionist school of Detaillé and De Neuville, hearing of this portrait of Mdlle Marie Roze, wrote to the *prima donna* to name her price for it. Perhaps the letter was too abrupt or too patronizing, for Mdlle Roze declined this offer with thanks, adding, however, that whenever the day comes when she is in need of money she will consider Monsieur’s munificent proposal.

SCIENCE IN THE NEW CUT.—Music has proved a potent agent of civilization in the long-neglected quarter into which the committee of gentlemen and ladies managing the Royal Victoria Coffee Hall are trying to bring “sweetness and light,” and with the assistance kindly afforded by the trustees of the Gilchrist Educational Fund, an attempt is to be made this winter to interest the manual workers of Lambeth in the wonders of science. In the North of England and Scotland, under the auspices of the Gilchrist Trust, lectures on matters which have long been the subjects of scientific inquiry have interested large audiences of working men, and it is stated that in some instances lecturers have addressed ten thousand people in five nights of one week. The course of “penny science lectures” to be delivered on Tuesday evenings, beginning October 2, in the great building in the Waterloo Road, formerly known as the Victoria Theatre, and now converted into a temperance hall of entertainment, will include two by Mr W. Lant Carpenter, on “Ice, Water, and Steam,” a third by Mr P. H. Carpenter, on “Life under the Ocean Wave;” a fourth, by Mr E. B. Knobel, secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, on “Comets;” a fifth, by Mr C. A. V. Conybeare, on “The Rights and Feelings of an Animal;” and the last, on the 6th of November, by Dr B. W. Richardson, on “Food and Feeding.” Each lecture will be illustrated by dissolving views, shown with the oxyhydrogen lantern, and some will be made more instructive by explanatory experiments. But even on those nights devoted to severer occupations the cheerful influence of music is not to be wanting, for the Park Band Society will give musical performances before and after the lectures. On Thursday evening a musical entertainment called *The Rose Queen* is to reproduce the old English pastimes of dancing round the maypole, morris dances and the crowning of some maiden as flower queen.—*Times*.

MAYENCE.—The tenth Musical Festival of the Middle Rhine will take place here on the 5th, 6th, and 7th next July, in the recently erected Grand Hall. The first day’s programme will comprise Beethoven’s Overture *Zur Weihe des Hauses*, and Handel’s oratorio, *The Messiah*. The works performed on the second day will be “Faust Overture,” by Wagner, the “Twenty-Third Psalm for Female Chorus” by Schubert, and *Coriolan*, “a dramatic scene,” by Lux. The third day will be devoted to Schumann’s B flat Major Symphony and the “Triumphlied” by Johannes Brahms.

## MUSIC OUT OF TOWN.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Time was when the Metropolis and the large provincial towns monopolized most of the music in England, and, excepting a military band that occasionally enlivened the country folk when a regiment was quartered there, music was only heard in private. All this is changed now, and most watering-places and summer resorts have some description of orchestra, cultivating a class of music that speaks well for the appreciation of what is best worth recalling. Most of us here in London know how conscientiously Mr Julian Adams has managed, with his small band, to give the visitors and the inhabitants of Eastbourne parts of symphonies and orchestral pieces written by the best classical composers, and how creditably the music is performed. His beautiful glass house in Devonshire Park is daily filled by appreciative audiences, and I can sing out many places of a similar character where selections of music are given that, for variety and interest, can hardly be surpassed in London, although the number of instrumentalists may be few.

Herr Karl Meyer is now conducting a small orchestra in the concert room connected with the Buxton Gardens, and introducing programmes that even a resident in the metropolis can listen to with enjoyment. It only numbers about twenty-four members, but they work so well together, and the weakness (if any) of each particular player is so cleverly hidden by the skill of the conductor, that overtures like Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*, tempt the partly satiated Londoner to hear and come to hear again. Such a composition as Mendelssohn's "O hills, O vales of pleasure," arranged for this small band, is literally a feast. Those who would try and make us believe that such music will one day die out had better pause before they repeat such nonsense; surrounded by all the music of nature, and with your eyes upon the landscape of hills and vales, the harmony of such a work is entralling. Beethoven is also heard here in single movements like the *adagio* from the *Sonata Pathétique*, and, what is more, appreciated. Schubert's *Impromptu* (opus 90), full of originality and deep thought, and an excerpt from Gluck's ballet music come like a new idea. Out of two programmes of nine items each, there were only four numbers that might be called hackneyed, and it does not follow that these have quite lost their interest; for our old friend the overture to *Semiramide*, and some of the beauties of Donizetti's *Lucia*, are so mixed up with the many thoughtful and quiet morsels in the programme that they retain us in the concert room.

The Pavilion at Buxton is well suited for these musical recitals, being light and airy and good for sound. It is also pleasant in the morning to see the ladies enjoying their concert, and yet so busily employed. It was, I think, the Crystal Palace that first witnessed these remarkable examples of industry on the part of the fair sex, and now it is quite the exception to find a young lady, at least, who has not brought her work with her. The knitting and netting, the tatting and the embroidery, have a busy time of it here, and certainly it must be acknowledged that very little talking goes on during these meetings. Even at the evening concerts, when the male sex predominate and when the needle-work is put aside, the utmost attention is given to the music, and that the audience is usually an appreciative one is shown by the applause. It should also be mentioned that special concerts are occasionally given at which London artists assist, and, as far as I could judge, are well appreciated.

It is in every way satisfactory to find so much intellectual amusement furnished at so small a cost. When we look around and discover a really fashionable audience listening to a concert, the admittance to which is but sixpence, we cannot help asking ourselves whether such a thing could not be attempted in the Metropolis? If in some of our large and central squares a temporary building were erected, and a military band allowed to play, say twice a week, with two terms for admission, what a boon it would be to the overtaxed inhabitants! The greatest difficulty is to find a suitable building here, for it should accommodate a large number; still it might be made profitable during the early summer months. A cramped up stuffy hall is all very well at night time, but when the sun is shining outside, such a place as Russell Square would be most enjoyable if a large tent stood in the centre; but I suppose we should have all kinds of objections from the inhabitants. Music for the million has yet to be attempted in town, and it is not too late for us to take a lesson from our country cousins. What would Brighton, Hastings, &c., be without their bands on the Pier? and those who have visited the Fisheries Exhibition are alive to the same attractions; but here, in crowded London, where most it is wanted, we have nothing of the kind. Even the bands in our parks only play on Sundays. Go into Germany, Holland, or the well-known watering-places of Switzerland, and you will find something of the kind everywhere. But our large provincial towns and our overgrown Metropolis has nothing. Only for one short season in the year have we music at popular prices, and the orchestra at Covent

Garden Theatre is on too extensive a scale to admit of less than a one shilling entrance. I should like to see an area six times as large as Covent Garden with concerts as good as those I have described at prices not exceeding fourpence and sixpence. The music I have listened to during the past month is quite good enough to begin with at least. The boon would be thoroughly appreciated by the people, and would have a humanising effect.

(Phosphorus, (of the "Brighton Guardian.))

## IOLANTHE AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Paragraphs have appeared in various journals which have given rise to a report that the opera, *Iolanthe*, is about to be withdrawn immediately, and that a new opera is now in rehearsal. Will you allow me to explain that this is not the case? It is correct that Mr W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan are writing a new opera which will be produced when required; but nothing is as yet decided as to the date of production. *Iolanthe* will not be withdrawn from the Savoy until the receipts diminish so as to make it desirable to change the programme. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

R. D'OVLY CARTE, Proprietor and Manager.

Savoy Theatre, London, W.C., Oct. 4.

## WAIFS.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda* has been favourably received at Alessandria. Jules de Swert has completed a new opera, entitled *Hammerstein*.

Petrelli's *Promessi Sposi* has been revived at the Teatro dal Verme, Milan.

Marie Wilt is engaged for six nights at the National Theatre, Lemberg.

Joseph Wieniawski, the pianist, gave a concert, a short time since, in Ostend.

*Pitman's Musical Monthly*, a new contemporary, was published on October 1.

Mr Villiers Stanford will compose a Cantata for the next Festival at Birmingham.

A movement has been started in Cadiz to build a new theatre worthy of the town.

Mr George Gear has returned from a successful tour with "German Reed's entertainment."

Italo Azzoni, of Parma, is engaged as conductor at the Metropolitan Theatre, New York.

The operatic season in Valencia will commence on the 3rd November with Verdi's *Forza del Destino*.

The Carola-Theater, Leipzig, has been opened by Herr Morritz for buffo opera and spectacular pieces.

Mr Ebenezer Prout is writing an orchestral work for the Birmingham Festival of 1885. This is good news.

Colonel Mapleson and Madame Etelka Gerster left Liverpool for New York on Thursday by the ss. City of Berlin.

The Stadttheater, Breslau, was opened by the new manager, Brandes, with a performance of *Lohengrin*.

H. L. Dingeldey, of Frankfort, has been appointed first professor in the Conservatory of Music, Helsingfors.

Manzotti's famous ballet, *Excelsior*, will be produced early next January at the Teatro de Tivoli, Barcelona.

Miss Francesca J. Ferrari has returned from a long tour through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy.

The Birmingham Festival Committee have decided on asking Dvorák to write a work for the Festival of 1885.

A new opera, *Adello*, by a young composer, Luigi Logheder, has been well received at the Teatro Riccardi, Bergamo.

A new buffo opera, *Nanon*, by Rich. Genée, will follow *La Fille du Tambour Major* at the Walhalla-Theater, Berlin.

A new opera, *Qualitiero*, words and music by E. Torreno, has been produced, but with only moderate success, at Buenos Ayres.

The young American *prima donna*, Miss Griswold, has cancelled her engagement at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

Mr A. C. Mackenzie has completed his sketch of the first part of the oratorio destined for next year's Festival at Norwich.

Hopes are entertained, says the *Gazzetta di Napoli*, that Gayarre will sing a few nights next season at the Naples San Carlo.

August Wilhelmj and the Hamburg pianist, Rudolf Niemann, will shortly start on a concert-tour in Saxony and Thuringia.

Theresa Malten and H. Gudehus, both from the Theatre Royal, Dresden, sang lately at Mannheim in *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*.

Nessler's new opera, *Jung Werner, der Trompeter von Säckingen*, will be first produced at the Stadttheater, Leipsic, in November.

Anna Driese, of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, is engaged to Baron von Blankenburg, Personal Adjutant of the German Heir Apparent.

Johannes Brahms has not, it appears, taken up his residence permanently in Wiesbaden, but intends returning after a time to Vienna.

Ferrari's operatic company, consisting, with chorus, ballet, band, &c., of 196 persons, have left Buenos Ayres, and are now at Rio Janeiro.

Reyer's *Sigurd* will be shortly put in rehearsal at the Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie, where it is to be produced some time in January.

Mdme Geistinger has started again for New York, where she will appear in the *Bettelstudent*, which has not yet been played in America.

Mdme Pollender, formerly pupil at the Brussels Conservatory of Music, has made a successful *début* at the Hague, as Leonora in *La Favorita*.

David Popper, the violoncellist, and Carl Stasny, pianist of Frankfort, are about to undertake a concert-tour together in Russia and Sweden.

"The Universal Art-School of Music" is the name of a new musical institution shortly to be opened in Berlin by the pianist, Ludwig Fuchs.

Tamberlik's Italian Opera Company have concluded their tour in the Spanish provinces, and Tamberlik himself is now taking a holiday in Paris.

One of Mapleson's leading contraltos for his approaching New York season will be Josephine Yorke, late of the Carl Rosa English Opera Company.

A very successful performance of Cherubini's C minor *Requiem* was recently given in the church of Santa Maria, Sassari, by the Civico Istituto Musicale.

Signor Arditi left Liverpool by the ss. *Gallia* on Thursday to fulfil his duties as conductor of the Italian opera at the Academy of Music, New York.

Friedrich Lux, composer of *Küthen von Heilbronn* and *Der Schmied von Ruhla*, has just completed a two-act comic opera entitled *Die Fürstin von Athen*.

The two Leipsic choral associations, the "Ossian" and the "Chorgesangverein," have been merged into one, under the direction of Herr Moritz Vogel.

Wagner's *Meistersinger*, with Hungarian text, was recently given at the National Theatre, Pesth. The audience were considerably more puzzled than amused.

Mr Carrodus has made an investment of £680 in the Stradivarius said to have been Paganini's. May he live long to take out the interest in public applause.

The Teatro San Carlo, Lisbon, was to open on the 29th ult., the opera being *Robert le Diable*, in which the tenor, Ortisi, was to make his *début* in the Portuguese capital.

We are glad to find Mr Howard Reynolds has recovered from his recent indisposition, and has been enabled to resume his position as solo cornet at Mr Gwyllym Crowe's concerts.

The second series of the Wüllner Subscription Concerts, Berlin, will commence in January next and be inaugurated by Johannes Brahms with new Symphony, in F major, (his third).

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—The Skinners' Company have, through the Lord Mayor, agreed to contribute £500 to the Royal College of Music in five annual instalments of £100 each.

Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* was to be performed for the first time in Vienna on the 4th inst., the cast including Materna, Papier, Winkelmann, and Sommer, with Hans Richter as conductor.

Mdme Christine Nilsson arrived in New York by the Cunard steamship *Gallia* on Tuesday, Oct. 2nd. M. Capoul and Mdme Corriana have arrived by the steamer *Normandie* from Havre.

The Wagnerians are making desperate efforts to "keep the game alive" now that their great chief has departed. Their cause is none the less hopeless. The great mass of musical amateurs care nothing for it.—*Later.*

During the last season at the Berlin Opera-house Wagner had thirty-two evenings, and Mozart twenty-one. Strange that the "infantile" composer should be next favourite after the "master." It may, however, be accounted for by the childish element in the Teutonic character.

It is said that the Royal Orchestra of the Sandwich Islands is about to visit us, headed by a German. We are ready, in return, to send his Sandwichian Majesty any number of Germans.—*Lute.*

The Minnie Hauk Operatic Concert Company, which will accompany the popular *prima donna* on her tour through the States, comprises Paulina Sauli, Pauline Montegriffo, Montegriffo, Pasquali, Wienkowski, and Sternberg.

We do our musical readers a service by asking them to follow with attention Mr E. H. Turpin's articles on various technical points, now appearing in the *Musical Standard*. They are both instructive and suggestive.

At Gloucester Festival, when Stanford's *Elegiac Symphony* preceded Gounod's *Redemption*:—Steward A. to Steward B. (instructingly): "This is a representation of Chaos!" Steward B. (reverently): "Oh, indeed!"

A committee has been formed for the purpose of erecting a monument to Carl Maria von Weber in his native town, Eutin. It is hoped that the monument may be unveiled on the 18th December, 1886, the centenary of his birth.

In Florence, they have offered a prize for the best setting of an Antiphon, stipulating that the last chorus shall be a fugue in five parts. Surely the requirement is out of date. We have outlived the age of fugues—and the capacity for writing them.

Among the audience who witnessed the sixth performance of Hector Berlioz's *Benevento Cellini* at the Leipsic Stadttheater were the King of Saxony, Franz Liszt, Hans von Bülow, Eduard Lassen, Mdme Montigny-Rémaury, and other artistic celebrities.

A prophet has been obtaining honour in his own country. An "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo" were performed at St John's Catholic Church, Norwich, last month, under the direction of the composer, Mr A. H. Thouless. The works are highly spoken of.

MISS JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE AT THE COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.—Mendelssohn's *Capriccio Brillante* in B minor for pianoforte (with orchestral accompaniment), was played by Miss Josephine Lawrence with fluent execution and much refinement of style. In the large space of Covent Garden Theatre a little more force might occasionally have been desired, but the performance was generally very artistic.—*D. N.*

The opera of *Iolanthe* having reached on Saturday evening its 300th representation, the event was marked by the presentation of a choice bouquet to every lady in the house. The effect of this sudden floral display in the theatre, brilliantly lighted as it is by the electric lamps, was not a little striking. Miss Carlingford played on the occasion Miss Barnett's original part of the Queen of the Fairies. A crowded audience witnessed the performance.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—This society has issued an admirable prospectus of its second season, the choice of works for performance showing sound judgment as well as liberal taste. At the opening concert on Nov. 16, Sir George Macfarren's new oratorio, *King David*, will be heard for the first time in London, Sir Arthur Sullivan conducting. For subsequent occasions the following are announced: *Messiah*; Schubert's Mass in E flat; a symphony; Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*; Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*; Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; and Gounod's *Redemption*; the season closing with a *conversazione*, to be made as artistically and musically attractive as possible. Engagements have been effected with the best available artists; Mr C. Hallé retains the conductorship, with Mr Cummings as assistant; and subscribers, of whom we trust there will be many, may count upon a very interesting season.

One of the earliest events at the Lyceum upon the return of Mr Irving and his company will be the making of arrangements for a complimentary benefit to Mr John Ryder, the well-known actor, upon his quitting the stage. This project, in which Mr Irving takes a strong personal interest, will be regarded with sympathy, not only by Mr Ryder's professional brethren, but by the whole play-going public. This excellent actor who is still on the stage—exhibiting, we are glad to say, little visible diminution of his old powers—was the comrade of Macready in some of the most memorable of his enterprises. He was, if our memory serves us, playing at the Astor Place Theatre on the 7th of May, 1848, the night of the terrible riot arising from the rivalry between Macready and Forrest, when the former barely escaped with his life, and no fewer than thirty rioters were shot down by the military in the street outside. Mr Ryder, who is probably the best living representative of the Macready school, will next year have attained his seventieth birthday.

ERRATUM.—In the song, "Tell me the sweet old story," by Miss Sarah Ann Stowe, of Hereford, published in last Saturday's *Musical World*, Stanza I., line 3, for "glowing," read "glory."

On Thursday night, Mr Henry Irving was entertained by the Liverpool Art Club, and, in responding to the toast of his health, said there was no art longer than the actor's, and no life that could adequately fill up the measure of its requirements.

WARSAW.—The tenor Mierzwinski is engaged here for twelve nights. He has announced his intention of handing over his salary for the first six nights to the Polish Theatre Fund, he himself being a Pole, as most of our readers are doubtless aware.

BERLIN.—No one has yet been found to succeed Mad. Luger as contralto at the Royal Operahouse. The operatic season at Kroll's was brought to a close with *Robert le Diable*, Herr Anton Schott being the hero. Herr Bilsé has resumed his concerts at the Concert-haus, in the Leipzigerstrasse. On the first night he was most warmly welcomed by a very large audience, who applauded everyone and everything to the echo. The principal pieces in the programme were C minor Symphony, Beethoven; "Pêcheur et Toréador," Anton Rubinstein; Prelude to *Parcival*, and Overture to *Tannhäuser*, R. Wagner.

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# Select Compositions from the Great Masters,

ARRANGED FOR THE  
ORGAN, WITH PEDAL OBBLIGATO,  
BY  
ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS EACH.

NO.			
1.	Wedding March	Mendelssohn	
2.	March from "Tannhäuser"	Wagner	
3.	Marches from "Scipio" and Occasional Overture	Handel	
4.	Coronation March from "Prophète"	Meyerbeer	
5.	Dead March in "Saul," See the Conquering	Handel	
6.	Andantino from 11th Grand Symphony	Haydn	
	Waft her, Angels, from "Jephtha"	Handel	
7.	As pants the hart, from "The Crucifixion"	Spohr	
	Where'er you walk, from "Semele"	Handel	
8.	My heart ever faithful (Mein gläubiges Herz frohlocket)	Bach	
9.	Andantino from 5th, and Andante from 4th Sonatas	Pleyel	
10.	The Hero's March	Mendelssohn	
11.	Quis est homo, from "Stabat Mater"	Rossini	
12.	Air et Chœur, from "La Dame Blanche"	Boieldieu	
13.	Grande Marche Héroïque in C	F. Schubert	
14.	Grande Marche Héroïque in D	F. Schubert	
15.	Overture, "Berenice"	Handel	
16.	Overture, "Sosarmes"	Handel	
17.	Overture, "Alcina"	Handel	
18.	Gavotte from Overture, "Otho"	Handel	
19.	La Carità	Rossini	
20.	Angels ever bright, and Pious orgies	Handel	
21.	Ave Maria	F. Schubert	
22.	Aria. Circa A.D. 1700	Antonio Lotti	
23.	My soul thirsteth for God, Aria from 42nd Psalm.	Mendelssohn	
24.	Gloria in Excelsis, from Mass in G	Weber	
25.	Fa ut portem, from "Stabat Mater"	Rossini	
26.	Pietà Signore, from Oratorio, "San Giovanni Battista"	Stradella	
27.	Overture to "Julius Caesar"	Handel	
28.	Serenade	F. Schubert	
29.	Aria (1765)	Gluck	
30.	Aria from "Alcina"	Handel	
31.	Aria from "Artaserse" (1730)	Leonardo Vinci	
32.	Cantata	Alessandro Scarlatti	
33.	Aria (1769)	Gluck	
34.	Aria (1784)	Domenico Cimarosa	
35.	Diedi il coro, Aria	Handel	
36.	Siciliana	Long	
37.	Andante	Long	
38.	Aria (1763)	Padre Martini	
39.	Kyrie Eleison, from Mass in G	Schubert	
40.	Aria (1767)	Gluck	
41.	"Sanctus" and "Hosanna" from Mass (Op. 43)	André	
42.	Last Chorus from "Mount of Olives"	Beethoven	
43.	He shall feed His flock, from "Messiah"	Handel	
44.	Quoniam tu solus (1788)	Vincenzo Righini	
45.	Hallelujah Chorus from "Messiah"	Handel	
46.	"Turn Thy face," "Then shall I teach," "I will magnify Thee," from Anthems	J. Weldon	
47.	The heavens are telling, from "Creation"	Haydn	
48.	Andante and Allegretto from Violin Sonata in A major	Handel	
49.	Slow Movement from Symphony (36)	Haydn	
50.	Andante con Variazioni, from the Notturno (Op. 34)	Louis Spohr	
51.	Wie nahte mir der Schlummer Aria	C. M. von Weber	
			The Comte de St. Germain
52.	Marche Solennelle (Op. 40)	F. Schubert	
53.	Adagio from the Notturno (Op. 34)	Louis Spohr	
54.	Ave Maria, from "The Evening Service," Book 7.	Cherubini	
55.	Overture to "Samson," and Minnet (1742)	Handel	
56.	The arm of the Lord	Haydn	
57.	Deh lascia o core, from "Astianatte" (1727)	Giovanni Buononeini	
58.	Gloria in Excelsis, from Mass No. 2, in G	Schubert	
59.	Il pensier sta negli oggetti, Aria (1792)	Haydn	
60.	Gloria in Excelsis, from Twelfth Mass	Mozart	
61.	How lovely are the messengers	Mendelssohn	
62.	Notturno	F. Kalkbrenner	
63.	Che faro senza Euridice	Gluck	
64.	Aria in A flat	Louis Spohr	
65.	Cujus animam	Rossini	
66.	Air and Gavotte (from Orchestral Suite)	J. S. Bach	

## SELECT OVERTURES BY THE GREAT COMPOSERS,

Arranged for the ORGAN with PEDAL OBBLIGATO by ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS EACH.

1. Grand Overture in D, by E. H. Mehul.
2. Mozart's Overture, "La Clemenza di Tito."
3. Overture to "Orpheus," by Chr. Gluck."

4. Overture to "Comus," by Dr Arne.
5. Overture to "The Chaplet," by Dr W. Boyce.
6. Overture to "Pharamond," by Handel.

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